



A cold night



39 19 21

Chapter 1 by Wil

It was a cold, cold night.

Chapter 2 by Joakim



They huddled together to keep the warmth. They could barely feel their feet. The wind was howling outside.

Chapter 3 by Faye Lynch



He continued, not knowing that not far ahead there was a cabin. A cabin that was almost glorious where a young witch lived. The cabin was just over the hill. He just had to beat death.

On the bottom of the hill he had yet to trudge up, there lay a shack. A ratty shack, filled with holes and broken windows. He thought about taking a short break from his quest and stopping in the "shelter" to warm up. He approached the broken-down building and a dark vibe welcomed him in the form of a gust of frozen wind. He looked through a crack of the building, deciding weather to enter. Could it be unsafe?

He peered in only to see a freezing, if not frozen, girl lying on the floor. He kicked the door, assuming in it's condition it would break down easily, but to his surprise he was wrong. He kicked the door with all his might over and over again before he finally fell through. He crawled to the girl. She couldn't have been more than 25. She was wrapped tightly in several layers.

shivering away. He almost forgot, he too was freezing to death.

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Rick turned her to face up. She was still alive, but had lost consciousness. He snow from her face. He looked to the ground again, thinking about what to do. He looked to his freezing bare hands. Then to her gloves. He

thought, cold heartedly, for a moment before slipping the gloves off her. For all he knew, he was in the middle of nowhere in the cold with only his winter coat. He didn't know how much longer her had to reach any type of warmth. He couldn't take all the cold. He unzipped her coat where he found another underneath. She attempted to fight with dying groans and frozen pain.

He forced one of her arms out of the coat before realizing his absolute cruelty. This girl was going to freeze to death, something he refused to let happen to himself. He couldn't leave her to that fate. He had to do something.

He left one of her arms in the coat while he began to wrap his still-bare hands around her little throat. He didn't enjoy it, but he wasn't disgusted either. He gripped tightly, over powering her. She pulled weakly, pleading with all she had left. He squeezed until she finally passed out. It took longer then he'd expected, but still, hardly any time. He finished stripping her and began to squeeze himself into her tight layers before he got back to his journey.

Chapter 4 by Nadia A.



She Stared at his face. Pale , Gloomy eyes, and had the ascendancy to struggle. Rick was able to get her layers on and start a fire in the fireplace. she still looked dead. as rick continues on his journey, he sees some light. he walks toward it and sees a cabin. he opens the door and whispers:

"Hello?" anybody here. he continued to open the door and finds an elderly woman knitting a scarf. he asks the lady a question. she respond's like this:

"Hi there." "I'm Sydney" " my god dear, you look like you were in an avalanche" which rick technically was in. the nice lady gave him some green tea and asked to chat . rick sat down on a wool chair near the fire and Sydney began to talk.

Chapter 5 by morganiswilder



"What are you doing out here, in the middle of December, when it's well below zero?" Sydney asked Rick, throwing some more kindling into the blazing flame. His eyes followed her until she

sat down a few feet from him. She seemed nice, but from his past experiences, Rick knew not to trust anyone without any information. Rick knew that he had to talk louder than words, he remembered his father telling him that. Rick knew that he had to talk louder than words, he remembered his father telling him that.

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her the real reason he was here; no one needed to know his secret.

"And why in such terrible conditions?" her emerald eyes glimmered in the heated light that came from the fire. They examined Rick with a sense of curiosity; she was trying to decide if he was lying.

"I was actually hiking up the mountain, enjoying the cold air. Great for the lungs. The storm hit me by surprise, honestly. I'm just glad I stumbled on your shack before I froze!"

"I'm glad to. I always hate when city folk climb up here, searching for bodies of people who couldn't make the trek. I always get asked 'Have you seen this man?' And of course I always respond with no. Anyone who can make it this far up the mountain is a true trooper, and knows how to survive the rest of the way."

"That makes sense..." Rick trailed off. The room was filled with a tense silence.

In the blink of an eye, Rick pounced up, knocking his chair to the ground. He reached for Sydney's throat, pinning her the wall. He drew a knife from his belt, holding it at her hip.

"All right, Witch, enough with the small talk. You know why I'm here. Now, tell me what I want to know, and I might make your death quick and painless."

Sydney struggled against Rick's grip, but only received pain as the knife was slowly pushed into her side.

"Don't make me angry," Rick's eyes turned from a soft brown to an unforgiving black, "I'm not afraid to torture the answer out of your damned body. Now, I'm going to ask again. Tell me, where are you keeping my soul?"

Chapter 6 by Niltiac



"I- I don't understand!" Sydney sputtered. "Why are you- d-doing this?"

"Your tricks don't work on me, Witch!" yelled Rick. "Tell me now!" He raised the knife to

Sydney's throat. "Or die!"

A tear slipped down Sydney's cheek. She whispered, "The Witch is dead... and... I killed her."

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Chapter 7 by Niltiac



Rick didn't lower the knife. In fact, he wanted to press it harder into her flesh, but he withheld himself from doing so.

"What do you mean? How do I know you're not lying?" Rick demanded.

"You..you don't know." Sydney cried. "But I swear to God I speak the truth. I am no witch."

Rick eyes narrowed. "And I am the queen of England." He lowered the knife and slashed the girls arm. Crimson blood flowed from the wound and a scream escaped Sydney's lips."

"I don't...I don't know about your soul." Sydney spat.

"Tell me!" Rick shouted. He slashed her other arm and the girl screamed once again. The floor below was slowly turning red from the river of her blood that fell below."

She didn't reply. Rick raised the knife to her upper right arm. He was about to make the cut when a shriek came from her. "Wait!"

"What?" He asked.

"I can prove it...I can show you the body." Sydney said weakly. "I-I'll show it."

Rick nodded, and then pointed to the door. "Then by all means, lead the way."

Chapter 8 by Lauren



She slowly pulled herself up, a grimace on her weathered and old face. A strand of her white and gray hair fell into her face and she blew it out of the way. She looked him steady in the eye for a second like, 'you're not going to kill me with my back turned are you?,' before he put his knife away and she limped towards the back door. Her small and hunched frame moved slowly and his impatience grew with each scuff of her feet on the wooden floor. She stopped for a second and leaned on the fire place.

"Could you please grab my cane for me? I'm sorry but I can't move much faster without it," she said, while pointing at the other side of the fire place, almost by the front door. He looked at her for a second, wondering if she might run away, but then he realized that was ridiculous, so he went and got it anyway. He picked it up, a strangely shaped walking stick of some sorts, with the carving of an owl on top. He handed it to her and she accepted it graciously.

"Thank you," she muttered.

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delicate looking, and bright red drops of blood from her arms disrupted the purity of its pristine fabric. She turned the knob and the little door opened, she disappeared behind it, not having to hunch at all because of her small stature. A yellow light appeared where she was, ahead of him, and he followed behind her.

She was walking down a set of wooden steps down to a cellar of some sorts, she stepped down slowly with her cane in hand. The sound of her wooden cane reverberated off of the stone walls, some kind of candle was in her hand. He stepped down as well, but not without hitting his head on the low ceiling. He let out a grunt of pain and gripped his head out of sheer frustration, while he continued he way behind her.

Down they went, down down down, further, he began to wonder when the bang of her cane would stop. It seemed the reverberate with the pounding of his head. Thump thump, thump thump... His frustration built.

"We're almost there right?" He said, his impatience building.

"Just a few more steps," she said behind her back towards him, continuing to make her way.

Finally they met on level ground. Her back to him, she hobbled forward to the shadows in the cellar, the yellow light from her candle beaming around her small frizzy head.

The light went out.

Silence.

A scuffling of feet.

His heart jumped.

"Sydney! Where are you?! Where's this body you speak of?!," he yelled into the pitch black dark, not even able to make out the shape of his own fingers. He immediately reached for his

knife.

It was gone.

His knife was gone.

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Nothing...

He continued to pat his pants leg fervently, but nothing was there.

"Sydney?! Sydney?!" He said again loudly, still making sure to take care to not show any panic in his voice.

He couldn't even tell which way the staircase was.

Two inches before his nose, a white face appeared before him, and his heart wanted to jump out of his mouth. A small gasp escaped his lips. An angelically beautiful face, with porcelain skin slightly tinted blue, eyes blue as well with a frosty look to them, cold and bottomless... As if staring into a well that he was falling into, he couldn't take his eyes away from them, those frosty blues, cold, frigid, and very very old.

She was the girl he had left to die out in that cabin. The one he had stripped naked without barely thinking twice.

She pushed her curly blond hair to the side and smiled coyly up at him. A thick darkness seemed to settle about them, gripping them, or rather just him.

"I am the witch you are looking for... I am the one you've so carelessly left to die. When I appeared as a helpless young girl on the brink of an icy death, you chose to serve yourself. Heartless you are, even WITH a soul you're no good. By now, with all that you've done, having your soul back would be torment beyond the death I wish to give you. You're not worthy of having your soul back."

"But I..." He was left dumb founded, unsure. The darkness crept forward, closer, tighter, even more constricting, almost suffocating. It held him there, paralyzed, unable to move, unable to scream, unable to fight.

She then held her small hand up, a small ball of vibrant light hovering over it, flickering like a

little star

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"But then again, maybe you do," she said with a crooked smile and vengeful glint in her eye.

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